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SPECIAL DOUBLE-SIZE ISSUE!

THE TOMB OF DRACULA®

LORD OF VAMPIRES!

COMICDOM'S NUMBER 1 FEAR MAGAZINE

THE *TRIUMPHANT CLIMAX* OF THE GREATEST DRACULA STORY OF ALL!

DON'T DARE REVEAL THE SHOCK ENDING OF--

DEATH OF THE NIGHT STALKER!

Five hundred years ago he was killed...but he *did not die.* Today, *Quincy Harker, Frank Drake, Rachel Van Helsing,* and *Blade,* the Vampire Slayer—stalk him...as this unliving Lord of Vampires spreads his reign of terror across a twentieth century world.

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **TOMB OF DRACULA!** TM

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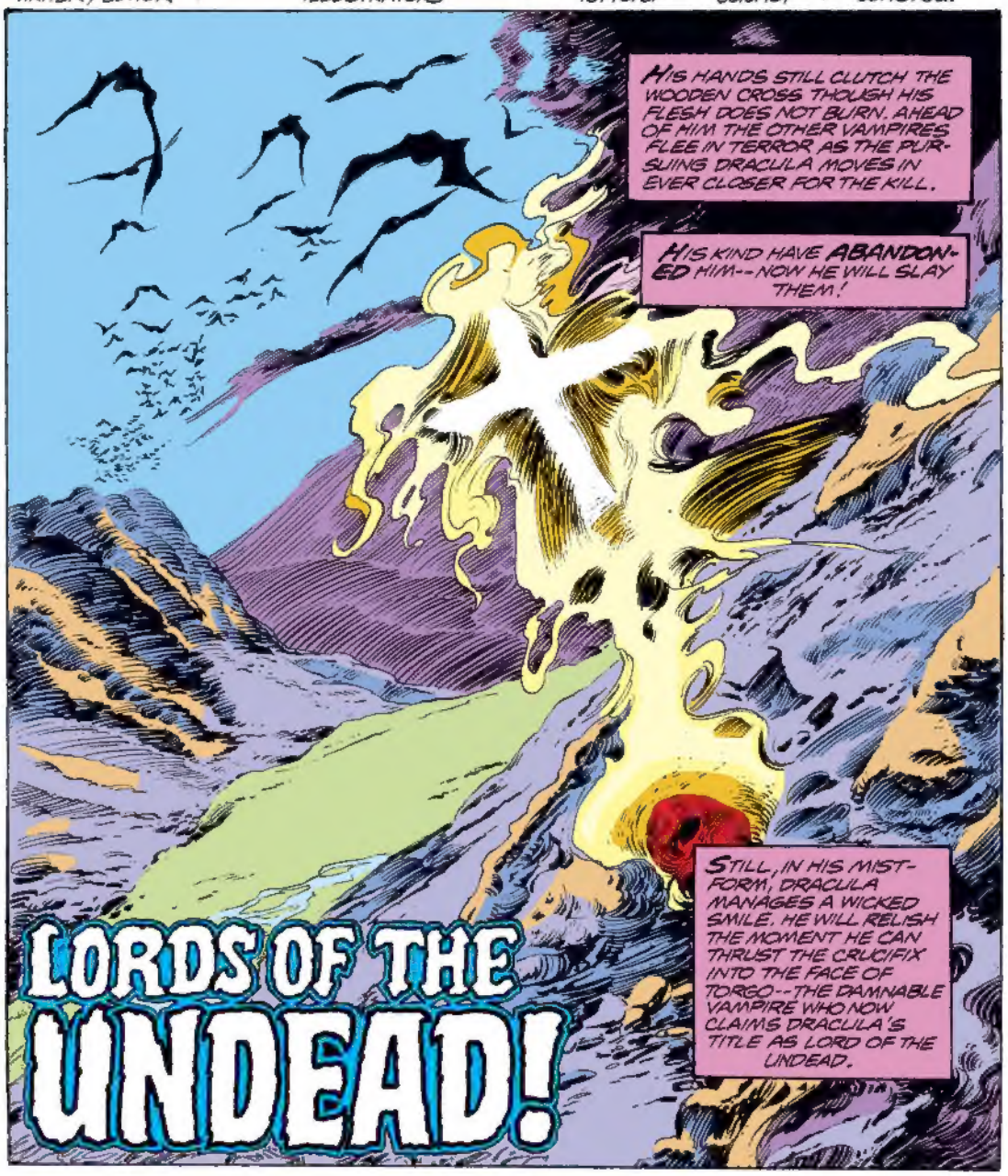
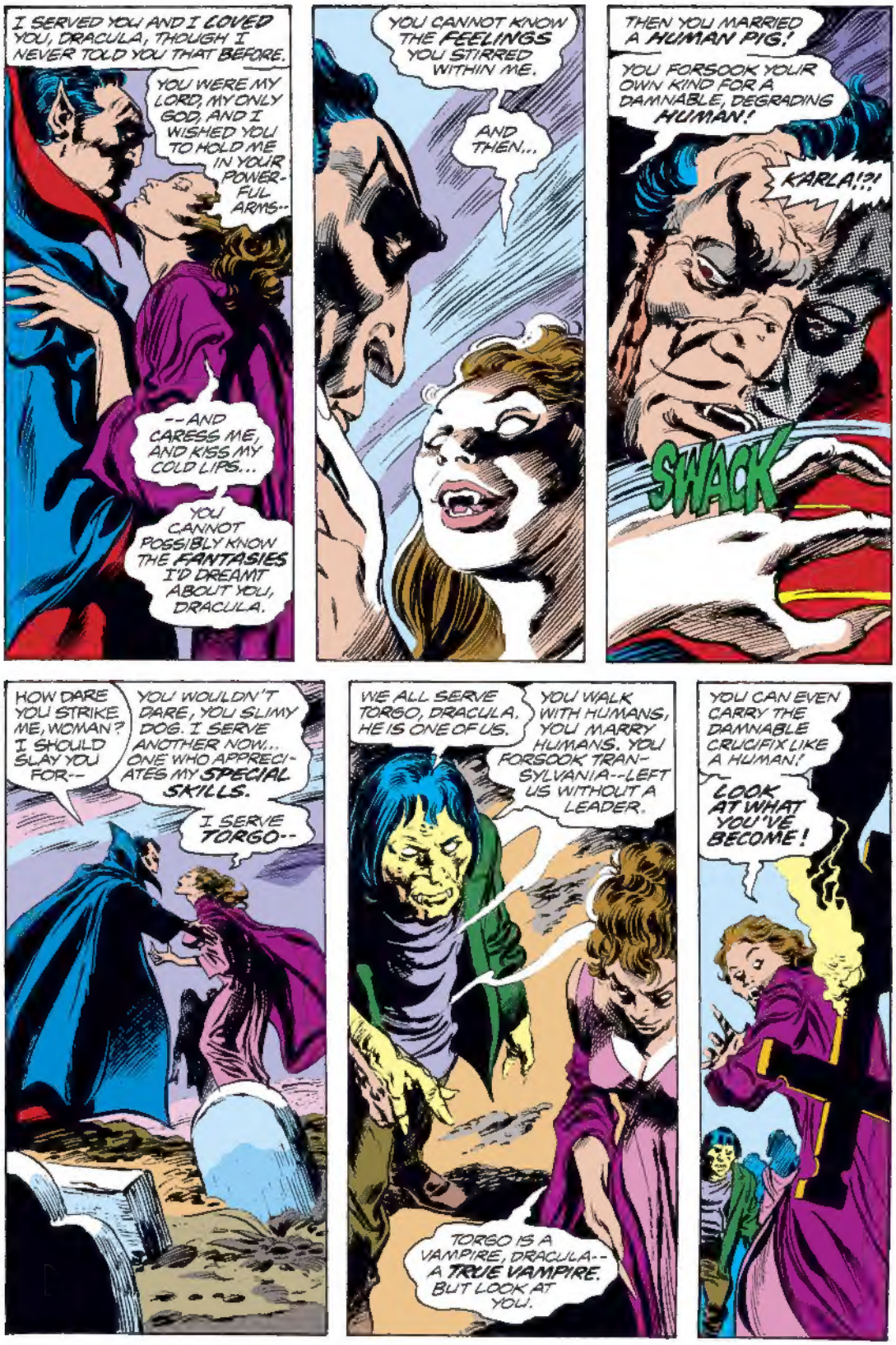
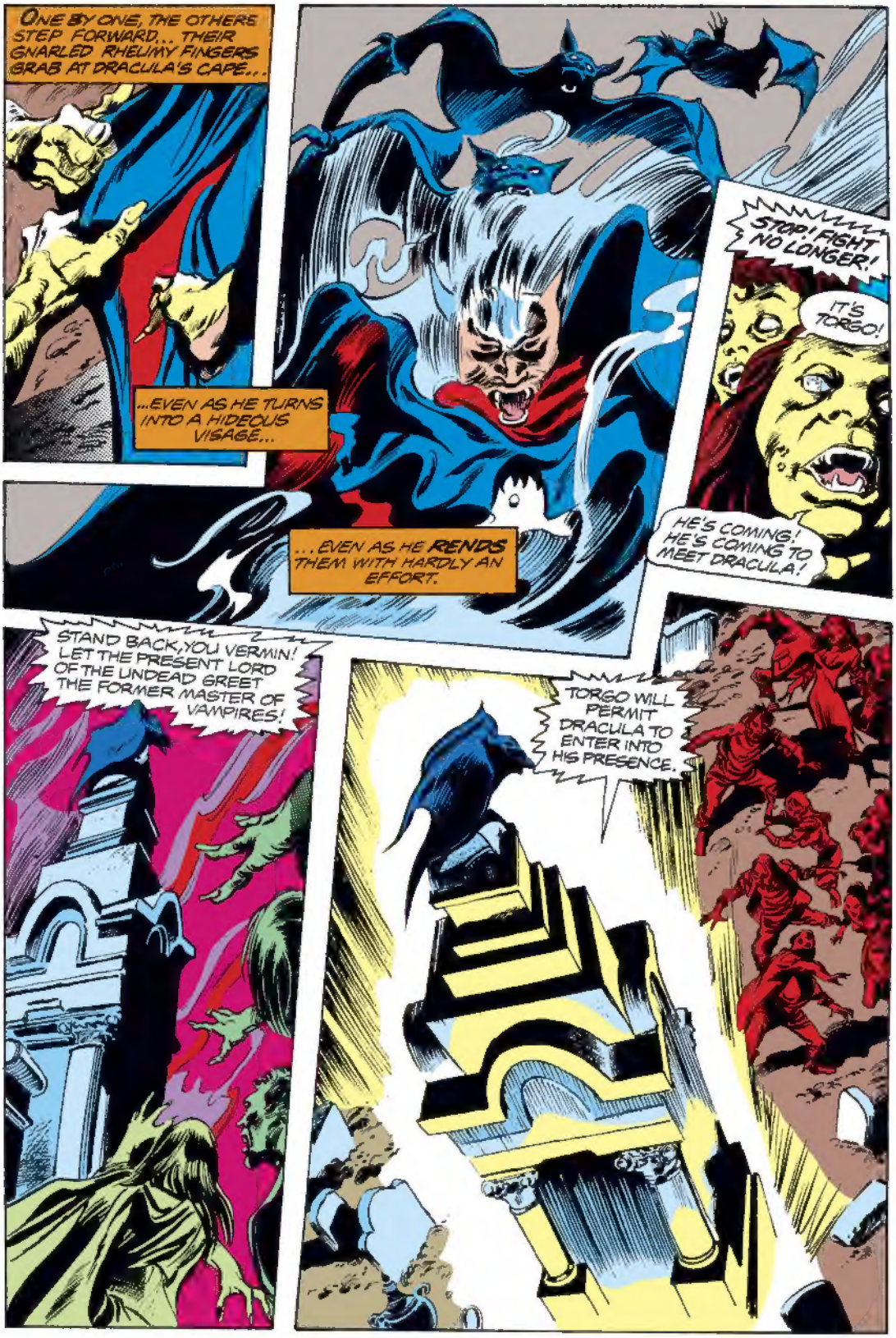

HIS HANDS STILL CLUTCH THE WOODEN CROSS THOUGH HIS FLESH DOES NOT BURN. AHEAD OF HIM THE OTHER VAMPIRES FLEE IN TERROR AS THE PURSUING DRACULA MOVES IN EVER CLOSER FOR THE KILL.
HIS KIND HAVE ABANDONED HIM--NOW HE WILL SLAY THEM!
STILL, IN HIS MIST-FORM, DRACULA MANAGES A WICKED SMILE. HE WILL RELISH THE MOMENT HE CAN THRUST THE CRUCIFIX INTO THE FACE OF TORGO--THE DAMNABLE VAMPIRE WHO NOW CLAIMS DRACULA'S TITLE AS LORD OF THE UNDEAD.
LORDS OF THE UNDEAD!

THE OTHERS BEGIN THEIR EERIE METAMORPHOSIS. THEIR LEATHERY WINGS TRANSFORM INTO FLESHY ARMS... THEIR SNARLING BLACK LIPS CURL INTO HUMAN SHAPE...
THEN, WHEN THEIR CHANGE IS DONE, THEY LAND, AND THEY ARE UNAFRAID.
DRACULA MATERIALIZES BY THEM, THE GLOWING GOLDEN CROSS STILL FIRM IN HIS HANDS.
YOU WON'T ESCAPE ME NOW, FILTH.
I'LL SEE YOU ALL DEAD--
YOU, AND THEN YOUR DISGUSTING MASTER!
TELL THIS PEASANT TORGO DRACULA DEMANDS TO SEE HIM.
TORGO SAYS GO TO HELL, HUMAN-SCUM.
HE DOESN'T WISH TO SOIL HIS HANDS ON FILTH LIKE YOU.
WHAT? YOU DARE SPEAK TO YOUR FORMER LORD LIKE--
DRACULA? IT IS YOU?
KARLA? YOU ARE HERE? MY MOST LOYAL HAND-MAIDEN--?
YOU SERVED IN MY CASTLE FOR MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED YEARS...

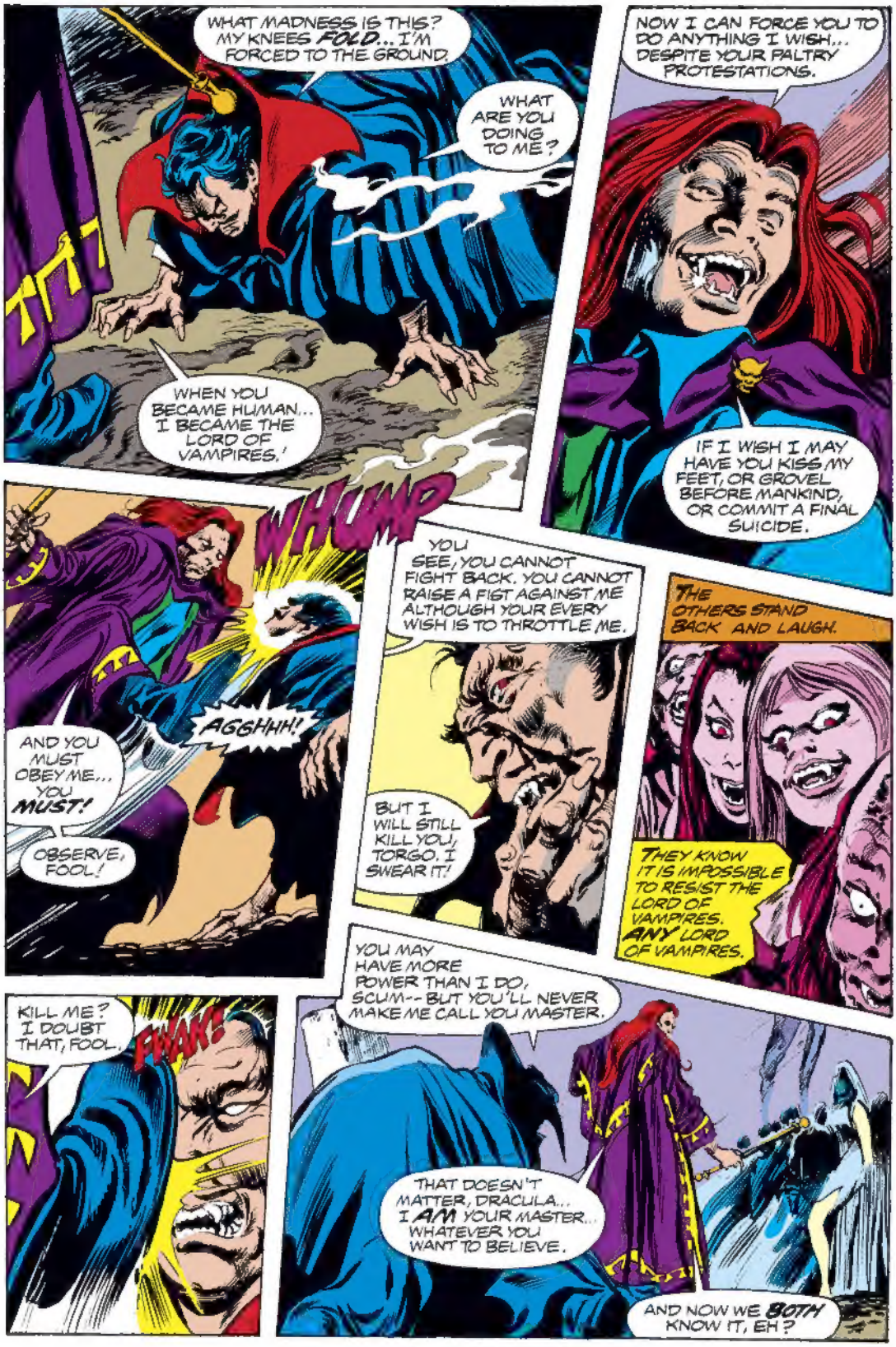

I SERVED YOU AND I LOVED YOU, DRACULA, THOUGH I NEVER TOLD YOU THAT BEFORE.
YOU WERE MY LORD, MY ONLY GOD, AND I WISHED YOU TO HOLD ME IN YOUR POWERFUL ARMS--
--AND CARESS ME, AND KISS MY COLD LIPS...
YOU CANNOT POSSIBLY KNOW THE FANTASIES I'D DREAMT ABOUT YOU, DRACULA.
YOU CANNOT KNOW THE FEELINGS YOU STIRRED WITHIN ME.
AND THEN...
THEN YOU MARRIED A HUMAN PIG!
YOU FORSOOK YOUR OWN KIND FOR A DAMNABLE, DEGRADING HUMAN!
KARLA!?!
SWACK
HOW DARE YOU STRIKE ME, WOMAN? I SHOULD SLAY YOU FOR--
YOU WOULDN'T DARE, YOU SLIMY DOG. I SERVE ANOTHER NOW... ONE WHO APPRECIATES MY SPECIAL SKILLS.
I SERVE TORGO--
WE ALL SERVE TORGO, DRACULA. HE IS ONE OF US.
YOU WALK WITH HUMANS, YOU MARRY HUMANS. YOU FORSOOK TRANSYLVANIA--LEFT US WITHOUT A LEADER.
TORGO IS A VAMPIRE, DRACULA-- A TRUE VAMPIRE. BUT LOOK AT YOU.
YOU CAN EVEN CARRY THE DAMNABLE CRUCIFIX LIKE A HUMAN!
LOOK AT WHAT YOU'VE BECOME!

THE CRUCIFIX? I HAD FORGOTTEN...
IT'S TRUE... WITHOUT THINKING, I HELD ONTO IT... IT DIDN'T--
WHAT?
AGGGHHH! SUDDENLY MY HAND BURNS LIKE THE FIRES OF ACHERON ITSELF!
AWAY! DAMN IT-- AWAY FROM ME!
YET, HOW COULD I POSSIBLY HOLD IT FOR SO VERY LONG? WHY DIDN'T ITS VERY SIGHT REPULSE ME?
THE CRUCIFIX IS THE SIGN OF GOD... IT STANDS FOR EVERYTHING I AM AGAINST.
HOW WAS I ABLE TO HOLD IT? HOW?!?

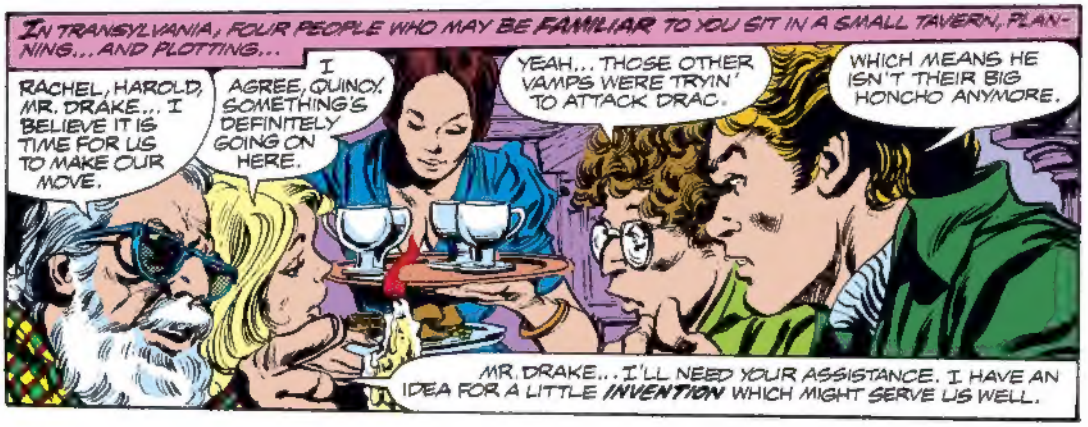
ABOVE, A SILENT GOLDEN FIGURE HUNCHES HIDDEN IN THE FOLD OF A GREAT OAK TREE. THROUGH BURNING CRIMSON EYES, THE MAN CALLED JANUS WATCHES...


ONE BY ONE, THE OTHERS STEP FORWARD... THEIR GNARLED RHEUMY FINGERS GRAB AT DRACULA'S CAPE...
...EVEN AS HE TURNS INTO A HIDEOUS VISAGE...
...EVEN AS HE RENDS THEM WITH HARDLY AN EFFORT.
STOP! FIGHT NO LONGER!
IT'S TORGO!
HE'S COMING! HE'S COMING TO MEET DRACULA!
STAND BACK, YOU VERMIN! LET THE PRESENT LORD OF THE UNDEAD GREET THE FORMER MASTER OF VAMPIRES!
TORGO WILL PERMIT DRACULA TO ENTER INTO HIS PRESENCE.

FROM THE MOMENT OF MY CONVERSION FROM HUMAN TO INHUMAN, I FORESAW YOUR COMING... I KNEW WE WOULD EVENTUALLY MEET.
FOR LO THESE MANY CENTURIES, I HAVE PURPOSELY STAYED FROM YOUR SIGHT-- FOR I KNEW WHEN FIRST OUR EYES MET EACH OTHER'S, THERE WOULD BE A BATTLE THE LIKES OF WHICH HAS NEVER BEEN SEEN BEFORE.
OUR DESTINIES HAVE EVER BEEN INTER-TWINED. IT IS ONLY FITTING THAT NOW WHEN WE MEET--
--THAT TORGO IS MASTER OF ALL THE UNDEAD...
...AND THAT DRACULA IS BUT A MERE SERVANT!
GREETINGS, VAMPIRE-- BOW TO TORGO. BOW TO YOUR MASTER!
I SAID "BOW," VAMPIRE. DO SO NOW.
ARE YOU A FOOL, TORGO? I AM YOUR MASTER... IT HAS EVER BEEN SO.
SO SHALL IT EVER BE.
IS THAT SO, DRACULA?
WE SHALL SEE.
BOW! YOU MUST OBEY ME... I AM YOUR LORD. OBEY ME!


WHAT MADNESS IS THIS? MY KNEES FOLD... I'M FORCED TO THE GROUND.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME?
WHEN YOU BECAME HUMAN... I BECAME THE LORD OF VAMPIRES.
NOW I CAN FORCE YOU TO DO ANYTHING I WISH... DESPITE YOUR PALTRY PROTESTATIONS.
IF I WISH I MAY HAVE YOU KISS MY FEET, OR GROVEL BEFORE MANKIND, OR COMMIT A FINAL SUICIDE.
WHUMP
AGGHHH!
AND YOU MUST OBEY ME... YOU MUST!
OBSERVE, FOOL!
YOU SEE, YOU CANNOT FIGHT BACK. YOU CANNOT RAISE A FIST AGAINST ME ALTHOUGH YOUR EVERY WISH IS TO THROTTLE ME.
BUT I WILL STILL KILL YOU, TORGO. I SWEAR IT!
THE OTHERS STAND BACK AND LAUGH.
THEY KNOW IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO RESIST THE LORD OF VAMPIRES. ANY LORD OF VAMPIRES.
KILL ME? I DOUBT THAT, FOOL.
FWAK!
YOU MAY HAVE MORE POWER THAN I DO, SCUM-- BUT YOU'LL NEVER MAKE ME CALL YOU MASTER.
THAT DOESN'T MATTER, DRACULA... I AM YOUR MASTER... WHATEVER YOU WANT TO BELIEVE.
AND NOW WE BOTH KNOW IT, EH?

A SILENT GOLDEN FIGURE STARES BLANKLY AHEAD. HIS GREAT IMPASSIVE FACE BETRAYS NO EMOTION; FOR HE KNOWS WHAT WILL SOON OCCUR.
DAMN YOU, TORGO --YOU'RE NOT MY MASTER. YOU'LL NEVER BE MY MASTER.
DRACULA ANSWERS TO NO MAN-- NO MAN!
HE KNOWS THE OUTCOME EVEN BEFORE THE STRUGGLE BEGINS. HE KNOWS THAT THERE WILL BE NO WINNERS.
AND MORE, HE KNOWS DRACULA'S FATE HAS BEEN SEALED.
ALL RIGHT, TORGO--YOU CALL ME YOUR SERVANT? WE'LL SEE.
I CALL ON ALL THE ANCIENT RITES!
BY MY RIGHT--I, DRACULA, CHALLENGE YOU TO A DUEL TO THE DEATH!
ACCEPT, TORGO--ACCEPT OR FORFEIT YOUR POWER NOW.
ACCEPT OR YOU SHALL PROVE TO THE OTHERS YOU ARE NOTHING MORE THAN A BASE COWARD!
HE BARELY TURNS TOWARD DRACULA.
ANSWER, TORGO-- ACCEPT NOW! NOW!
I ACCEPT.
AND HE GRINS... HE HAS LURED DRACULA INTO A FIGHT THE FORMER LORD OF VAMPIRES CANNOT POSSIBLY SURVIVE. YES, TORGO HAS PLANNED WELL... AND HE IS PLEASED.


IN TRANSYLVANIA, FOUR PEOPLE WHO MAY BE FAMILIAR TO YOU SIT IN A SMALL TAVERN, PLANNING... AND PLOTTING...
RACHEL, HAROLD, MR. DRAKE... I BELIEVE IT IS TIME FOR US TO MAKE OUR MOVE.
I AGREE, QUINCY. SOMETHING'S DEFINITELY GOING ON HERE.
YEAH... THOSE OTHER VAMPS WERE TRYIN' TO ATTACK DRAC.
WHICH MEANS HE ISN'T THEIR BIG HONCHO ANYMORE.
MR. DRAKE... I'LL NEED YOUR ASSISTANCE. I HAVE AN IDEA FOR A LITTLE INVENTION WHICH MIGHT SERVE US WELL.

HE SMELLS THE THIN, COLD AIR AS HE STEPS UNCERTAIN TOWARD TORGO, NEW LORD OF THE UNDEAD. THE COLDNESS REFRESHES HIM AS HE GLANCES AT THE ROWS OF SNAKE-EYED VAMPIRES STARING SUSPICIOUSLY AT HIM.
DID I RULE TOADS SUCH AS THIS, DRACULA WONDERS. WERE THESE VERMIN THE ARMY I WAS ONCE SO PROUD OF?
SICKLY, FETID, WHITE WITH A GHOSTLY PALLOR, THEY WATCH HIS PROUD FORM GLIDE PAST THEM. PERHAPS HE IS NO LONGER THEIR MASTER... BUT THEY KNOW HE IS MOST CERTAINLY THEIR BETTER.
YOU WILL ALL PAY FOR MY HUMILIATION WHEN I AM AGAIN YOUR MASTER.
YOU NEVER WILL RULE AGAIN, DRACULA. YOU WILL DIE..
...AND I WILL BE THE FIRST TO DANCE ON YOUR UNTROD GRAVE.
DRACULA SAYS NOTHING... BUT HE NOTES THAT THIS FILTH WILL BE THE FIRST TO PERISH.
WELL, TORGO-- SPEAK. TELL ME WHAT GREAT WISDOM YOU HAVE TO RULE US.
THEN PARDON ME WHILE I LAUGH IN RESPONSE.
YOU KNOW, DRACULA, DESPITE YOUR INSOLENCE, OR PERHAPS BECAUSE OF IT--YOU AND I ARE QUITE ALIKE.
LIKE HELL WE ARE, TORGO, I AM AN ARISTOCRAT.
YOU ARE A LOWLY DISEASE!
I SAID WE WERE ALIKE, DRACULA... IN MANY WAYS.
YOU'LL AGREE WHEN YOU HAVE HEARD MY STORY.

"YOUR REBIRTH CAME DURING OUR PEOPLE'S WAR WITH THE TURKS. MY ORIGIN BEGAN DURING ANOTHER WAR...
"... A STRUGGLE AGAINST THE HORDES OF ATTILA THE HUN. AHHH, I SEE YOU RAISE AN EYEBROW IN SURPRISE. YOU THOUGHT I WAS YOUNGER THAN YOU. LESS EXPERIENCED, EH?
"THAT IS YOUR FIRST MISCONCEPTION, DRACULA. I AM FAR OLDER, FAR WISER! BUT YOU SHALL SEE.
"YOU WERE A PRINCE WHILE I WAS A COMMONER. YET I ROSE TO GENERAL! I LED MY PEOPLE INTO BATTLE TO SAVE OUR HOMELAND FROM THE SCOURGE OF ATTILA.
"OH, WE BATTLED, WE HELD THE HUN'S TROOPS BUT I FELL IN BATTLE. EVEN AS YOU FELL, DRACULA.
"SIMILARITIES, EH? AND DIFFERENCES, TOO. BUT LET US GO ON, EH?
"MY MEN HURRIED ME TO A DOCTOR.. A LEECH MERCHANT I CALL THEM
"BUT IT WAS TOO LATE SO THE FOOL THOUGHT, I WAS DYING, YES. BUT DEAD. OH NO... I STILL LIVED, THOUGH HELPLESS TO TELL THE OLD FOOL.
"SO I WAS BURIED...
"DONE AWAY WITH.

"THEY PAID AN OLD HAG TO CANT PRAYERS OVER MY GRAVE AS THEY RUSHED BACK TO BATTLE
"MY OLD HAG DIDN'T WASTE HER TIME PRAYING. SHE WAS A SMART ONE. SHE KNEW I HAD NOT DIED.
SOUND FAMILIAR, DRACULA? WAR, BATTLE, DEATH... THE OLD WOMAN? FAMILIAR, EH? I'M CERTAIN OF IT
"SO SHE DUG ME UP.. MADE SURE SHE WAS ALONE.
"AND THEN SHE MADE SURE I WAS DEAD..
AS ONLY A VAMPIRE COULD
AS I SAID, SIMILARITIES AND DIFFERENCES SO YOU SEE, WE ARE QUITE ALIKE, ALTHOUGH I CAME FROM COMMON STOCK--
--WHICH SERVED TO HARDEN ME
"YOU SEE, OUR 'FAMILY' NEEDS A NEW, AGGRESSIVE LEADERSHIP. WHEREAS YOU ABANDONED OUR GOALS. I EMBRACE THEM.
GRRAAACK
"WE SHALL RULE THE HUMANS.. HERD THEM INTO FARMS. HUMANS WILL BE BRED AS CATTLE... ALL TO FEED OUR, EH, NEEDS.

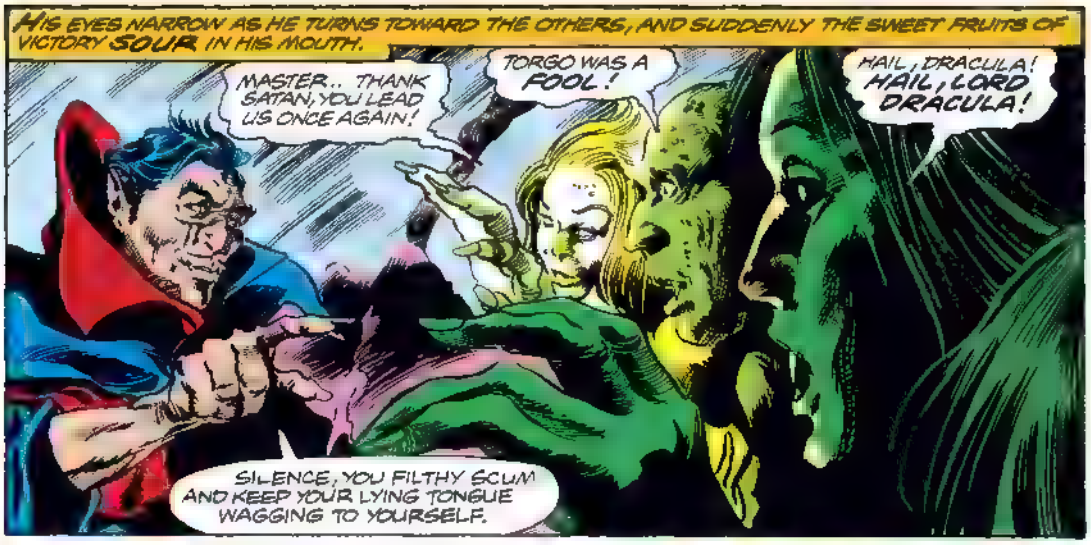
OUR NOURISHMENT WILL ALWAYS BE AT HAND. WE WILL NEVER HAVE TO HIDE AGAIN.. NEVER HAVE TO BURY OURSELVES AWAY.
WE VAMPIRES HAVE POWER AT OUR DISPOSAL-- I MEAN TO WIELD THAT POWER.
IT WON'T WORK, TORGO I REALIZED THAT AGES AGO.
BUT THERE IS NO USE IN ARGUING WITH FILTH SUCH AS YOU
THE ROPES ARE IN PLACE, TORGO WHY WAIT ANY LONGER?
LET US GET THIS, CHARADE, OVER WITH.
WHY NOT, EH?
I HAVE MY BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO.
THERE IS SILENCE FOR JUST A MOMENT. THE OTHER DARK, TWISTED, FETID CREATURES OF THE NIGHT WATCH THROUGH PIGGISH EYE-SLITS. TORSO BOWS GALLANTLY TOWARD HIS FOE, THEN. .
NOW! NOW! NOW!!
THOSE FOUL STENCH WHO WORSHIP YOU WANT OUR BATTLE TO BEGIN.
SHALL WE GIVE THEM THE SHOW THEY CRAVE?
THE UNDEAD RARELY FIND AMUSEMENT!
LET US BEGIN.. NOW!
WHY NOT DRACULA?

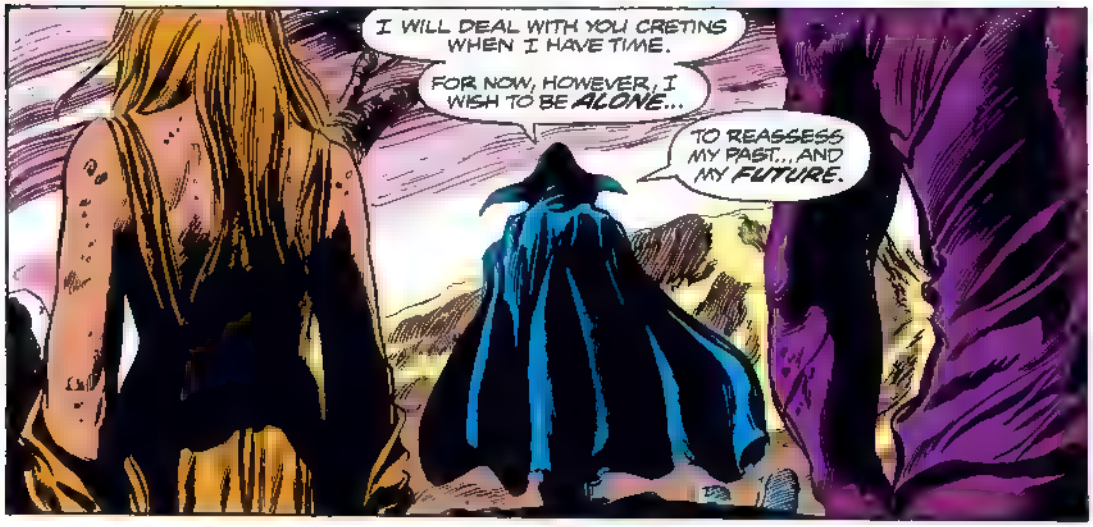
DRACULA FEELS TORGO'S POWERFUL FINGERS DIG DEEP INTO HIS NECK, HIS SINEWY LEGS WRAP SERPENTINE AROUND HIS BODY.
TORGO IS POWERFUL, AND HE IS NO AMATEUR HE SHIFTS HIS WEIGHT SUDDENLY, AND THE FORMER VAMPIRE LORD SLIPS, HIS STAKE TUMBLES FROM HIS HAND
YOU ARE DONE FOR NOW, DRACULA!
NEVER, TORGO! I HAVE OTHER WEAPONS AT MY DISPOSAL!
A KNIFE? DAMN YOU, TORGO! THAT IS AGAINST ALL OUR RULES!
DO YOU SEE ANY OTHER THAN YOURSELF COMPLAIN?
DIE QUIETLY, DRACULA! ALLOW ME TO SHOW THE OTHERS HOW THEIR NEW CHIEFTAIN SLAUGHTERS THE LEGENDARY LORD OF VAMPIRES!
CEASE YOUR STRUGGLING NOW.
NEVER!
IT IS TO YOUR BENEFIT TO LET ME FINISH YOU OFF, DRACULA.
I AM MORE POWERFUL THAN YOU ARE! MORE ABLE TO RULE!
AND FRANKLY, YOU HAVE LOST THE VICIOUSNESS NEEDED TO LEAD OUR 'FAMILY.'
SLASH!
ACCHHHH!!

VICIOUSNESS IS NOT A QUALITY FOR LEADERSHIP!
BUT YOUR KIND OF FILTH COULD NEVER UNDERSTAND THAT!
WHAT? I THOUGHT YOU WERE TOO WEAK TO FIGHT BACK!
THUD!
HOW DO YOU DO IT? YOU'VE HAD NO BLOOD FOR NIGHTS!
YOU ASK ME HOW I SUSTAIN MYSELF?
YOU ASK ME HOW I CAN RESIST SUCCUMBING TO SCUM LIKE YOU?
YOU ARE A PETTY LITTLE VAMPIRE CLAWING HIS WAY TO THE TOP!
I AM DRACULA!
BUT...
AGGH!
YOU PRONOUNCE YOUR NAME AS IF IT MEANS SOMETHING.
HUMP!
THE ONLY FOOL IT IMPRESSES IS YOU, DRACULA--YOU!!
EH? SPEAK UP NOW, DRACULA! LET'S SEE YOU TALK BACK TO YOUR BETTER!
OR, PERHAPS YOU FINALLY UNDERSTAND THE TRUTH, EH?
PERHAPS YOU FINALLY REALIZE YOU HAVEN'T A, EH--PRAYER!

YOU ARE GOING TO DIE, DRACULA!
AND YOU CANNOT HOPE TO SURVIVE!
STEEL FLASHES LIKE LIGHTNING TOWARD DRACULA'S HEART...
... BUT THE SILENT VAMPIRE LIFTS A HEAVY ARM UPWARDS AND CATCHES THE BLADE'S SHARP EDGE IN HIS BLOODY HAND.
THE FLESH ON HIS PALM IS RIPPED AND JAGGED AS HE STRAINS WITH ALL THE FLEETING POWER AT HIS COMMAND.
HIS NECK MUSCLES BUNCH AND TIGHTEN, HIS VEINS SEEM READY TO BURST.
TWICE HE LOSES GROUND, TWICE THE BLADE TURNS TOWARD HIS BLOOD-CAKED FACE ..
AS VISIONS OF HIS YOUTH IN TRANSYLVANIA FLOW ABOUT HIM LIKE A DROWNING MAN'S PAST.
HIS FATHER. HIS BROTHERS HIS HERITAGE. HIS NAME!
HE IS DRACULA!
WHAT?
TO DRACULA, HIS NAME IS EVERYTHING!
TORGO GASPS, CHOKES.. BLOOD SPURTS FROM HIS THROAT...

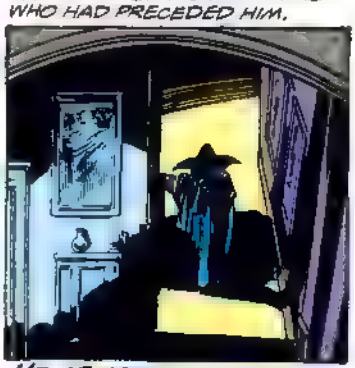
...AND VERY SLOWLY...
...AND VERY PAINFULLY--
AND THE SKIES ARE FILLED WITH THUNDER!
DRACULA IS VICTORIOUS!
DRACULA IS SUPREME!


HIS EYES NARROW AS HE TURNS TOWARD THE OTHERS, AND SUDDENLY THE SWEET FRUITS OF VICTORY SOUR IN HIS MOUTH.
MASTER.. THANK SATAN, YOU LEAD US ONCE AGAIN!
TORGO WAS A FOOL!
HAIL, DRACULA! HAIL, LORD DRACULA!
SILENCE, YOU FILTHY SCUM AND KEEP YOUR LYING TONGUE WAGGING TO YOURSELF.



HIS CLOAK DOESN'T FOLD INTO THE WINGS OF THE BAT. INSTEAD, SLOWLY, TEDIOUSLY, HE CLIMBS THE LONG, NARROW ROAD THAT LEADS TO CASTLE DRACULA.

HIS FOOTSTEPS ARE WEIGHTY AS HE PACES THE HALLS, PAST GALLERIES FILLED WITH THE PORTRAITS OF THE DRACULAS WHO HAD PRECEDED HIM.



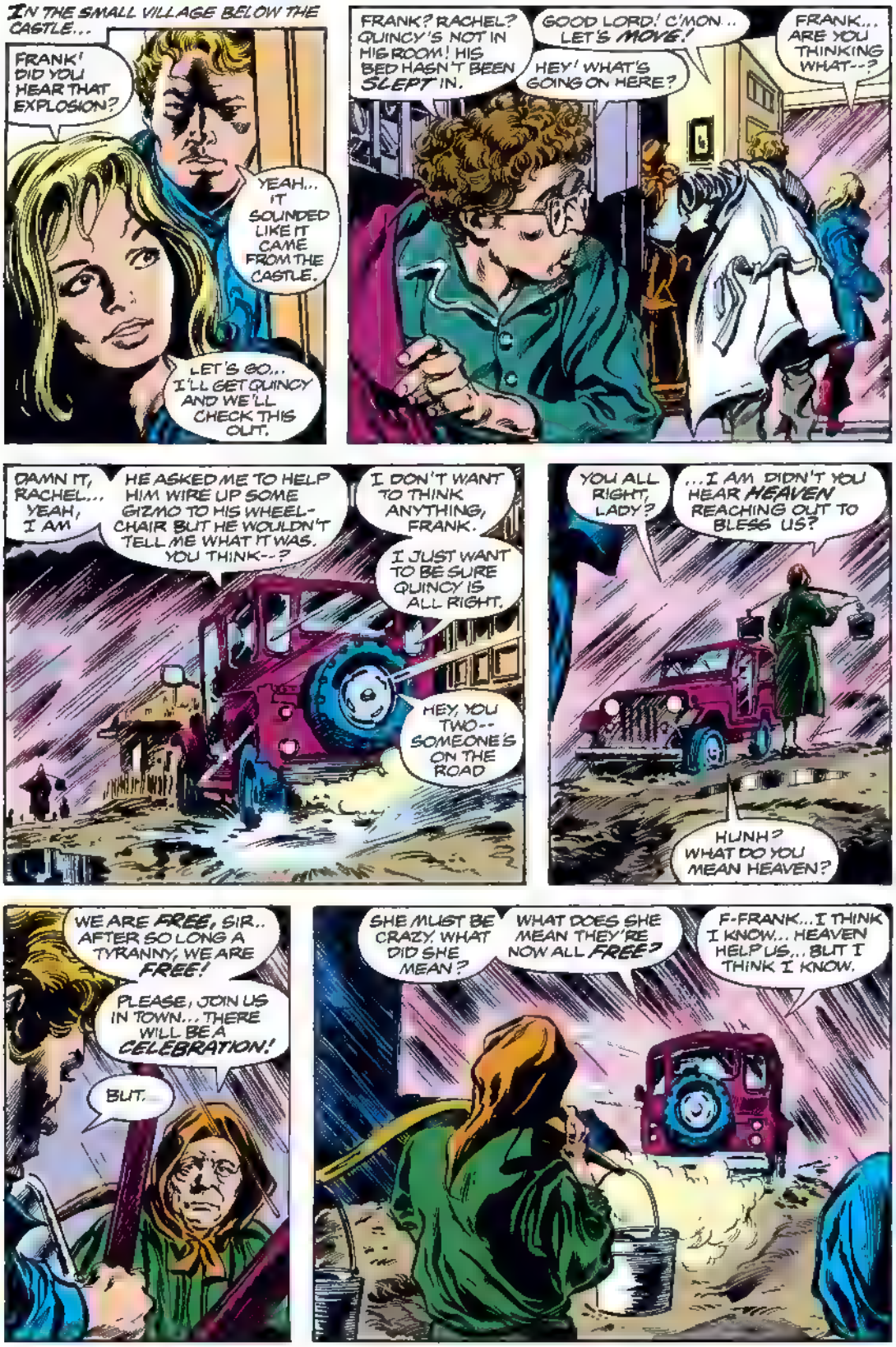
HE IGNORES THE FINERIES, THE STATUES, THE MEMORIES OF ALL THINGS PAST, AS HE CLIMBS THE STEPS TO HIS ROOFTOP TURRET...

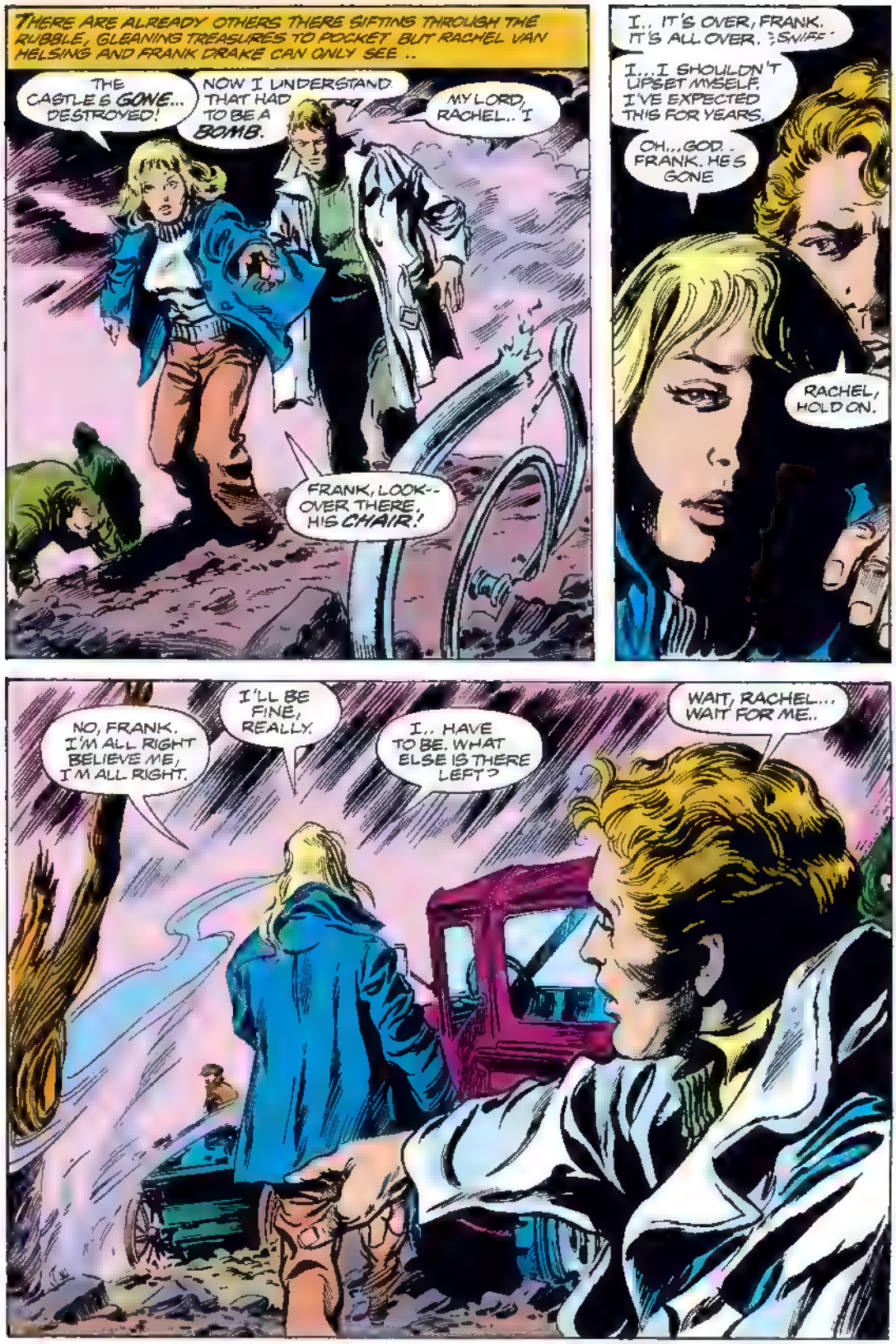
THEN, AS THE COLD WIND SLICES THROUGH HIM, HE BARES HIS ANGRY SOUL TO THE HEAVENS..
ALL YOU GODS WHO HAVE SCATHED ME... I STILL SURVIVE! I SWORE I WOULD OUT-LAST MINE ENEMIES --AND I HAVE!
BUT, AT WHAT PRICE?
WHAT PRICE?
I RULE THE SCUM AND THE DISEASED! I AM LORD OVER FILTHY WOE-BEGOTTEN TRASH!
IS THIS MY AWFUL DESTINY? TO RULE THOSE I WOULD NOT EVEN DEEM WORTHY ENOUGH TO SLAY?
GODS IN HEAVEN AND HELL -- WHAT NOBILITY IS THERE IN RULING THE INSECT?!?
THERE IS NONE, DRACULA. WE BOTH KNOW IT...
HARKER? YOU DARE?
NO RHETORIC, DRACULA YOU KNOW WHY I AM HERE.
I DO, HARKER .. AND IT IS A SHAME IN MANY WAYS, WE TWO ARE ALIKE!
FOR SEVERAL YEARS, I THOUGHT SO, TOO, DRACULA WE ARE BOTH OBSESSED WITH OUR GOALS. BUT THERE ALL SIMILARITIES END!
YOU ARE A MURDERER! YOU INFEST PEOPLE WITH HATRED. YOU BREED DISTRUST. YOU SOW THE SEEDS OF DAMNATION WHICH RIPEN AND BLOOM IN THE SOULS OF ALL THOSE YOU KILL.
I ASK NOTHING OF OTHERS.. YOU ASK EVERYTHING.
BUT, NO LONGER.
PONNG
HARKER SNAPS A TWINKLING SPOKE FROM HIS WHEELCHAIR...
.. THEN, WITH PAIN CUTTING INTO HIM LIKE A SURGEON'S SCALPEL, THE ANCIENT WARRIOR RISES.
YOU CAN STAND? I MYSELF DESTROYED THE USE OF YOUR LEGS. HOW?
FOR A MOMENT, HIS LEGS BUCKLE BUT HE DOES NOT FALL BACK INTO HIS CUSHIONED CHAIR.

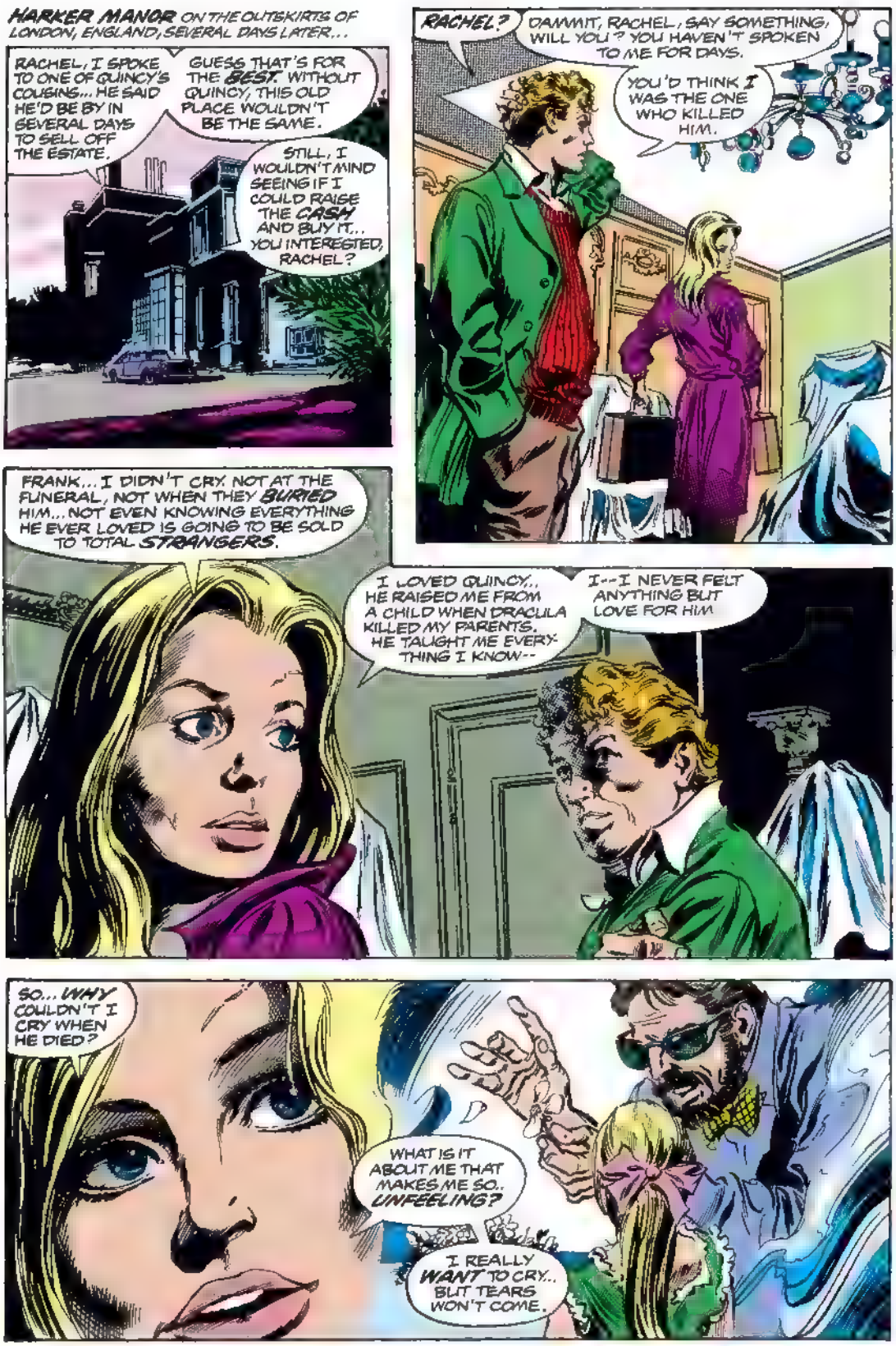
BUT QUINCY HARKER DOESN'T ANSWER. RATHER, HE LEANS ON HIS CHAIR AND DEPRESSES A SMALL BUTTON AT ITS SIDE...
OUR FATES ARE NOW SEALED, DRACULA. WE HAVE ONLY THIRTY SECONDS!
CLICK
WHAT ARE YOU BABBLING ABOUT, OLD MAN? HOW CAN YOU STAND?
HOW? THE PAIN I FEEL IS NOTHING WHEN COMPARED WITH THE PAIN I FELT THE DAY YOU SLEW MY PARENTS...
...OR THE DAY YOU CALLOUSLY MURDERED MY WIFE, ELIZABETH--
--OR KILLED MY DARLING DAUGHTER, EDITH.
THIS SPOKE IS MADE OF SILVER! AND I WILL KILL YOU WITH IT.
YOU STOLE THOSE FOUR FROM ME... AND COUNTLESS OTHERS FROM OTHER FAMILIES--
--AND NOW, DRACULA, WHEN I AM TOO OLD TO CONTINUE THIS LIFELONG HUNT.. I WILL AVENGE ALL THOSE DEATHS AT ONCE!
HARKER, YOU ARE AN OLD, SENILE FOOL!
I AM NOT GOING TO DIE THIS NIGHT.
YOU ARE!
THE THUNDER CRASHES LIKE CANNONS ROARING IN BATTLE AS QUINCY HARKER JERKS FORWARD. WHETHER HE FELL OR LEAPED WITH ONE MAD, DESPERATE EFFORT, IS UNIMPORTANT...

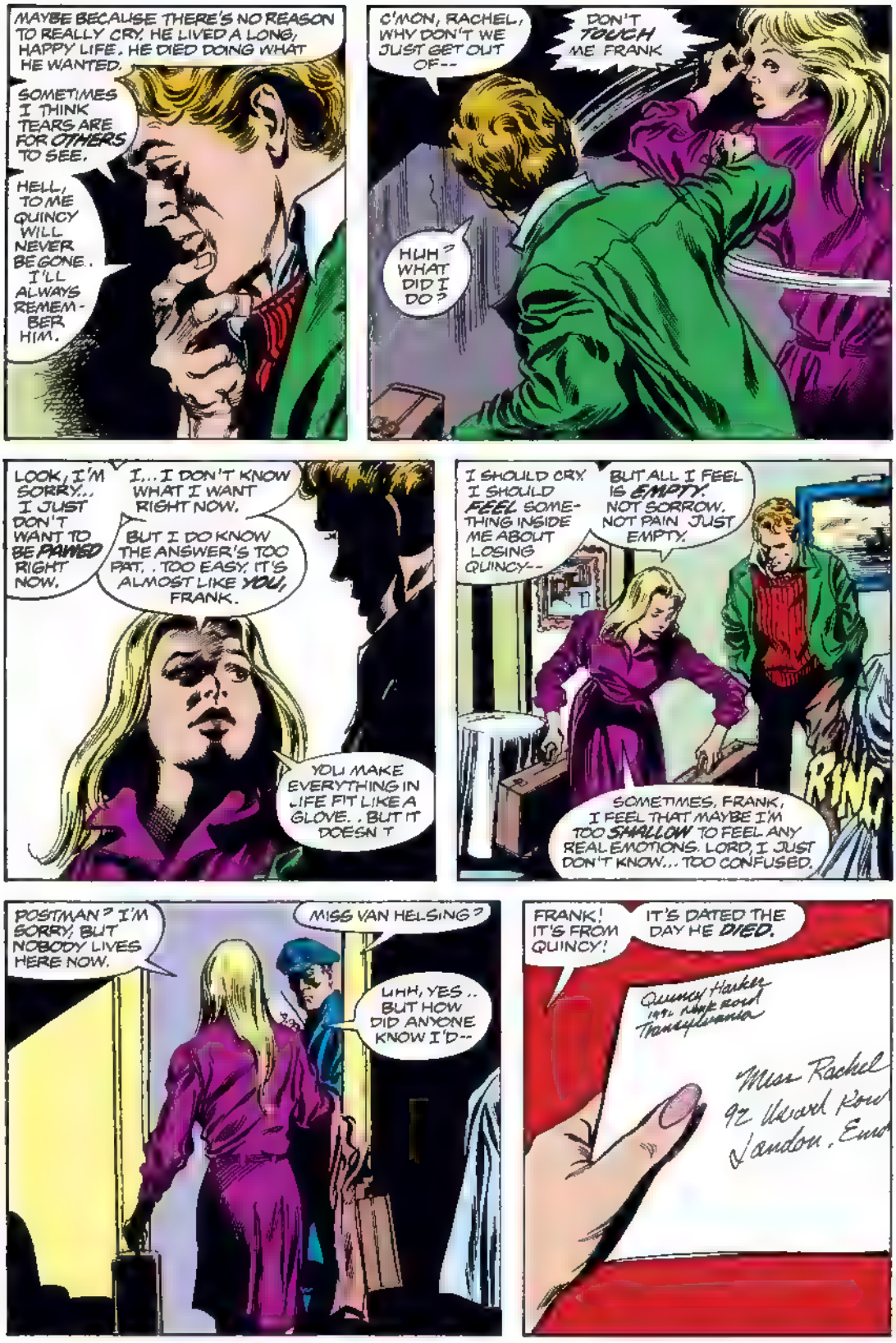
...WHAT IS IMPORTANT IS...
EEEEEAARRGGHH
...HE SUCCEEDS!
IT IS ALMOST OVER NOW... THE LIFE-TIME HUNT IS SECONDS AWAY FROM ENDING.
YOUR HEAD MUST NOW BE SEVERED...GARLIC CLOVES MUST BE STUFFED WITHIN.
ONLY THEN CAN THE WORLD BE SURE DRACULA WILL NEVER RISE AGAIN.
ELIZABETH! EDITH! THIS IS FOR YOU, MY LOVES!
TAKE CARE NOW, BOTH OF YOU... FOR I SHALL SOON WALK WITH YOU AGAIN!
THE SILVER KNIFE IN HARKER'S HAND FLASHES DOWNWARDS...

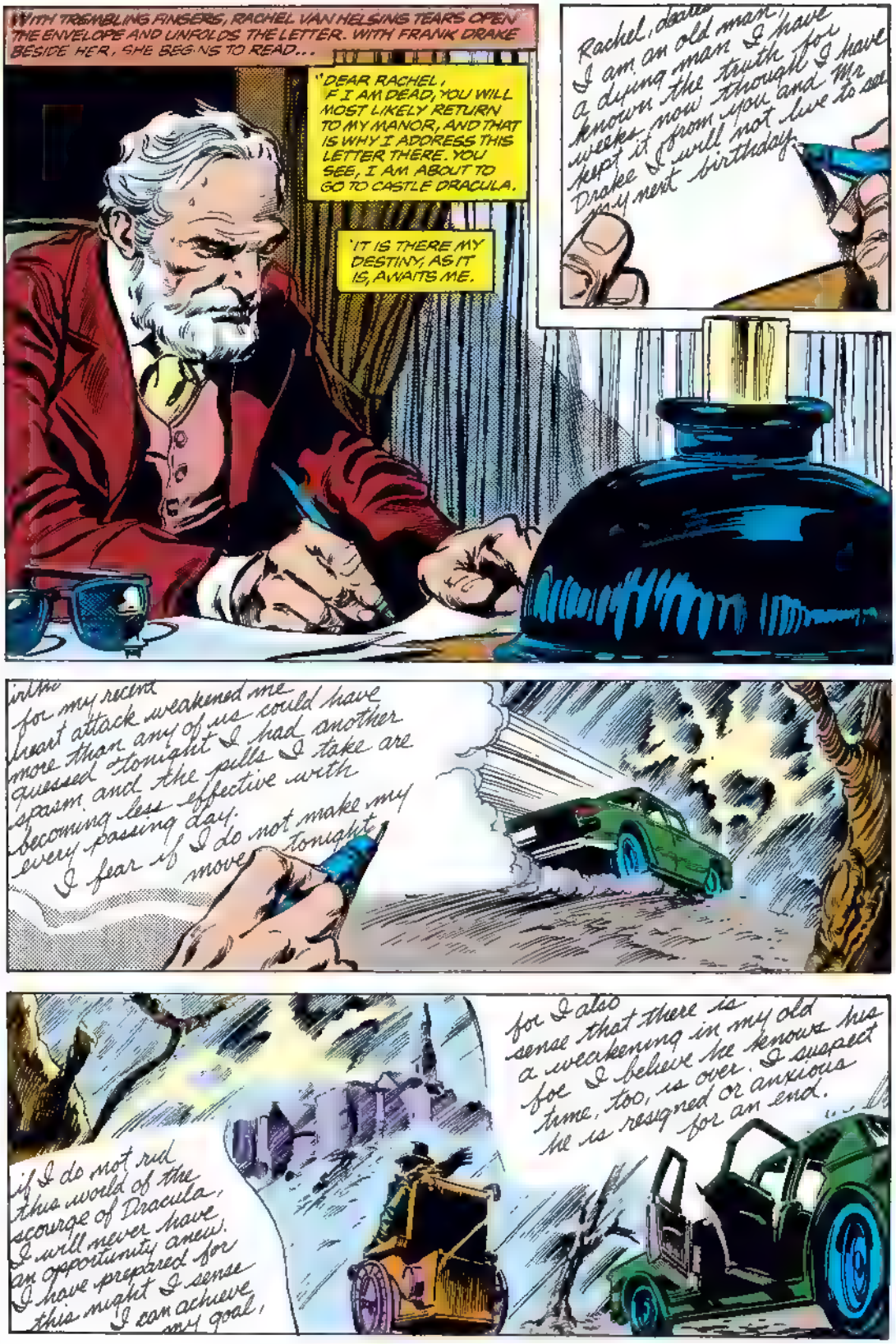
As .
SKA-RUNNKK!
THIRTY SECONDS IS ALL THE TIME HE HAD... THIRTY SECONDS BEFORE THE EXPLOSIVES SET WITHIN HIS WHEELCHAIR WOULD DETONATE.
THIRTY SECONDS BEFORE TWO SMALL BODIES WOULD BE BURIED BENEATH MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED TONS OF STONE AND ANCIENT MEMORIES...
IT IS ALL OVER NOW.
EVEN A LEGEND MUST EVENTUALLY DIE...

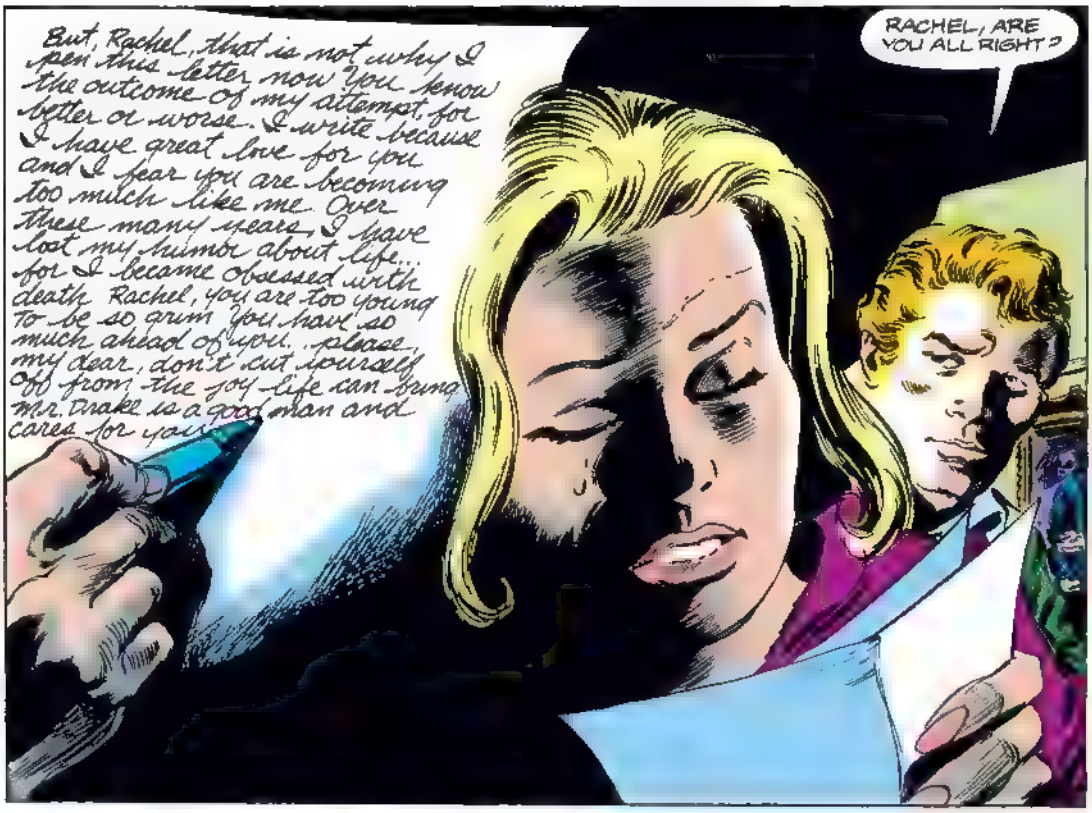

IN THE SMALL VILLAGE BELOW THE CASTLE...
FRANK! DID YOU HEAR THAT EXPLOSION?
YEAH... IT SOUNDED LIKE IT CAME FROM THE CASTLE.
LET'S GO... I'LL GET QUINCY AND WE'LL CHECK THIS OUT.
FRANK? RACHEL? QUINCY'S NOT IN HIS ROOM! HIS BED HASN'T BEEN SLEPT IN.
GOOD LORD! C'MON.. LET'S MOVE!
HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
FRANK... ARE YOU THINKING WHAT--?
DAMN IT, RACHEL... YEAH, I AM
HE ASKED ME TO HELP HIM WIRE UP SOME GIZMO TO HIS WHEEL-CHAIR BUT HE WOULDN'T TELL ME WHAT IT WAS. YOU THINK--?
I DON'T WANT TO THINK ANYTHING, FRANK.
I JUST WANT TO BE SURE QUINCY IS ALL RIGHT.
HEY, YOU TWO-- SOMEONE'S ON THE ROAD
YOU ALL RIGHT, LADY?
...I AM. DIDN'T YOU HEAR HEAVEN REACHING OUT TO BLESS US?
HUNH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN HEAVEN?
WE ARE FREE, SIR.. AFTER SO LONG A TYRANNY, WE ARE FREE!
PLEASE, JOIN US IN TOWN... THERE WILL BE A CELEBRATION!
BUT...
SHE MUST BE CRAZY. WHAT DID SHE MEAN?
WHAT DOES SHE MEAN THEY'RE NOW ALL FREE?
F-FRANK... I THINK I KNOW... HEAVEN HELP US... BUT I THINK I KNOW.


THERE ARE ALREADY OTHERS THERE SIFTING THROUGH THE RUBBLE, GLEANING TREASURES TO POCKET BUT RACHEL VAN HELSING AND FRANK DRAKE CAN ONLY SEE ..
THE CASTLE IS GONE... DESTROYED!
NOW I UNDERSTAND THAT HAD TO BE A BOMB.
MY LORD, RACHEL.. I
FRANK, LOOK-- OVER THERE, HIS CHAIR!
I.. IT'S OVER, FRANK. IT'S ALL OVER. ;SNIFF
I...I SHOULDN'T UPSET MYSELF. I'VE EXPECTED THIS FOR YEARS.
OH...GOD. FRANK. HE'S GONE
RACHEL, HOLD ON.
NO, FRANK. I'M ALL RIGHT BELIEVE ME, I'M ALL RIGHT.
I'LL BE FINE, REALLY.
I.. HAVE TO BE. WHAT ELSE IS THERE LEFT?
WAIT, RACHEL... WAIT FOR ME..


HARKER MANOR ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF LONDON, ENGLAND, SEVERAL DAYS LATER...
RACHEL, I SPOKE TO ONE OF QUINCY'S COUSINS... HE SAID HE'D BE BY IN SEVERAL DAYS TO SELL OFF THE ESTATE.
GUESS THAT'S FOR THE BEST. WITHOUT QUINCY, THIS OLD PLACE WOULDN'T BE THE SAME.
STILL, I WOULDN'T MIND SEEING IF I COULD RAISE THE CASH AND BUY IT... YOU INTERESTED, RACHEL?
RACHEL?
DAMMIT, RACHEL, SAY SOMETHING, WILL YOU? YOU HAVEN'T SPOKEN TO ME FOR DAYS.
YOU'D THINK I WAS THE ONE WHO KILLED HIM.
FRANK... I DIDN'T CRY. NOT AT THE FUNERAL, NOT WHEN THEY BURIED HIM... NOT EVEN KNOWING EVERYTHING HE EVER LOVED IS GOING TO BE SOLD TO TOTAL STRANGERS.
I LOVED QUINCY... HE RAISED ME FROM A CHILD WHEN DRACULA KILLED MY PARENTS. HE TAUGHT ME EVERYTHING I KNOW--
I--I NEVER FELT ANYTHING BUT LOVE FOR HIM
SO... WHY COULDN'T I CRY WHEN HE DIED?
WHAT IS IT ABOUT ME THAT MAKES ME SO... UNFEELING?
I REALLY WANT TO CRY... BUT TEARS WON'T COME.


MAYBE BECAUSE THERE'S NO REASON TO REALLY CRY. HE LIVED A LONG, HAPPY LIFE. HE DIED DOING WHAT HE WANTED.
SOMETIMES I THINK TEARS ARE FOR OTHERS TO SEE.
HELL, TO ME QUINCY WILL NEVER BE GONE. I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER HIM.
C'MON, RACHEL, WHY DON'T WE JUST GET OUT OF--
DON'T TOUCH ME FRANK
HUH? WHAT DID I DO?
LOOK, I'M SORRY.. I JUST DON'T WANT TO BE PAWED RIGHT NOW.
I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WANT RIGHT NOW.
BUT I DO KNOW THE ANSWER'S TOO PAT, . TOO EASY. IT'S ALMOST LIKE YOU, FRANK.
YOU MAKE EVERYTHING IN LIFE FIT LIKE A GLOVE. . BUT IT DOESN T
I SHOULD CRY I SHOULD FEEL SOMETHING INSIDE ME ABOUT LOSING QUINCY--
BUT ALL I FEEL IS EMPTY. NOT SORROW. NOT PAIN JUST EMPTY.
RING
SOMETIMES, FRANK, I FEEL THAT MAYBE I'M TOO SHALLOW TO FEEL ANY REAL EMOTIONS. LORD, I JUST DON'T KNOW... TOO CONFUSED.
POSTMAN? I'M SORRY, BUT NOBODY LIVES HERE NOW.
MISS VAN HELSING?
UHH, YES .. BUT HOW DID ANYONE KNOW I'D--
FRANK! IT'S FROM QUINCY!
IT'S DATED THE DAY HE DIED.
Quincy Harker
1911 Piper Road
Transylvania
Miss Rachel
92 Ward Row
London. Eng

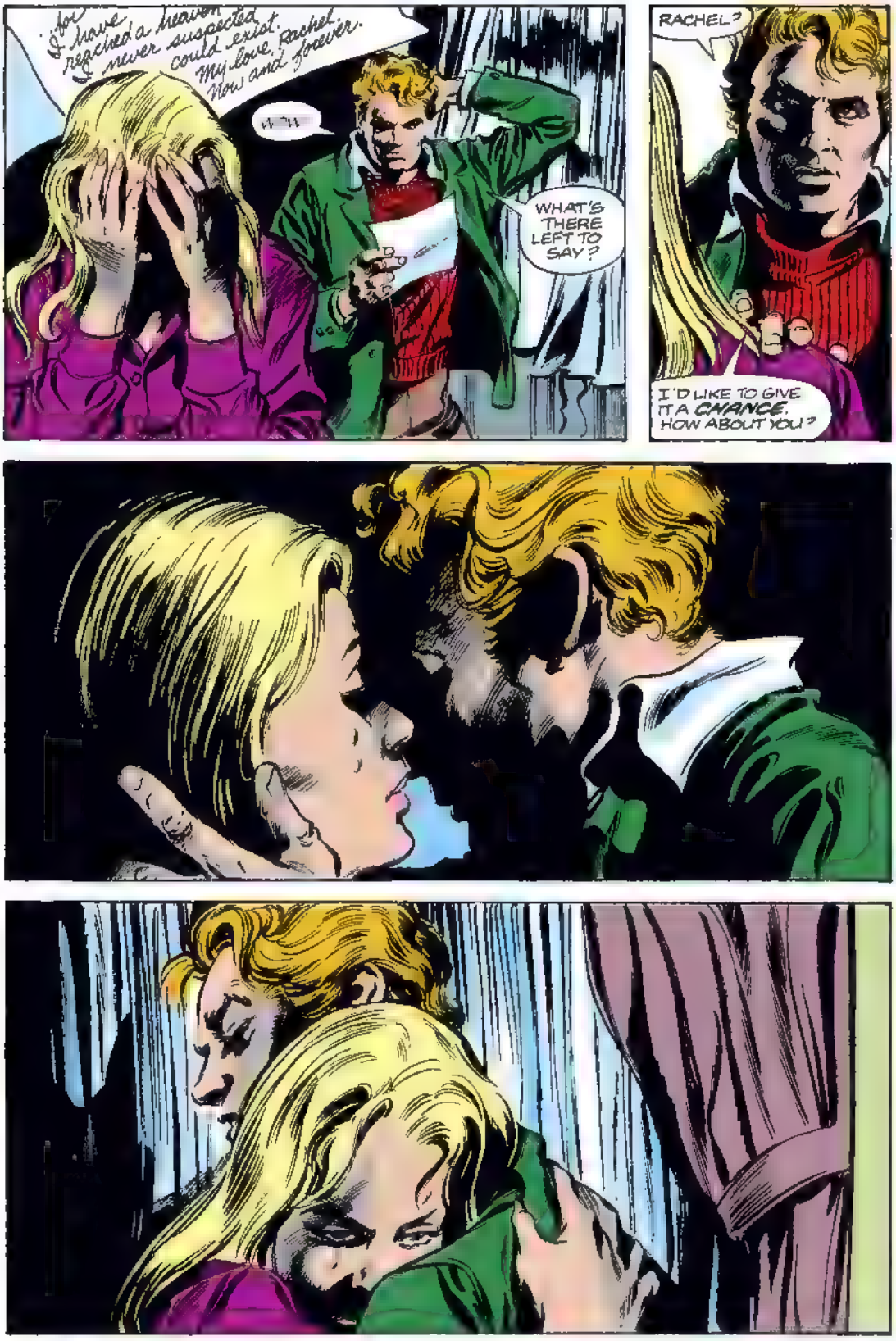

WITH TREMBLING FINGERS, RACHEL VAN HELSING TEARS OPEN THE ENVELOPE AND UNFOLDS THE LETTER. WITH FRANK DRAKE BESIDE HER, SHE BEGINS TO READ...
"DEAR RACHEL, IF I AM DEAD, YOU WILL MOST LIKELY RETURN TO MY MANOR, AND THAT IS WHY I ADDRESS THIS LETTER THERE. YOU SEE, I AM ABOUT TO GO TO CASTLE DRACULA.
'IT IS THERE MY DESTINY, AS IT IS, AWAITS ME.
Rachel, dearest, I am an old man, a dying man. I have known the truth for weeks now. I thought I have kept it from you and Mr Drake. I will not live to see my next birthday.
in the for my recent heart attack weakened me more than any of us could have guessed. Tonight I had another spasm and the pills I take are becoming less effective with every passing day. I fear if I do not make my move tonight
if I do not rid this world of the scourge of Dracula, I will never have an opportunity anew. I have prepared for this night. I sense I can achieve my goal,
for I also sense that there is a weakening in my old foe. I believe he knows his time, too, is over. I suspect he is resigned or anxious for an end.

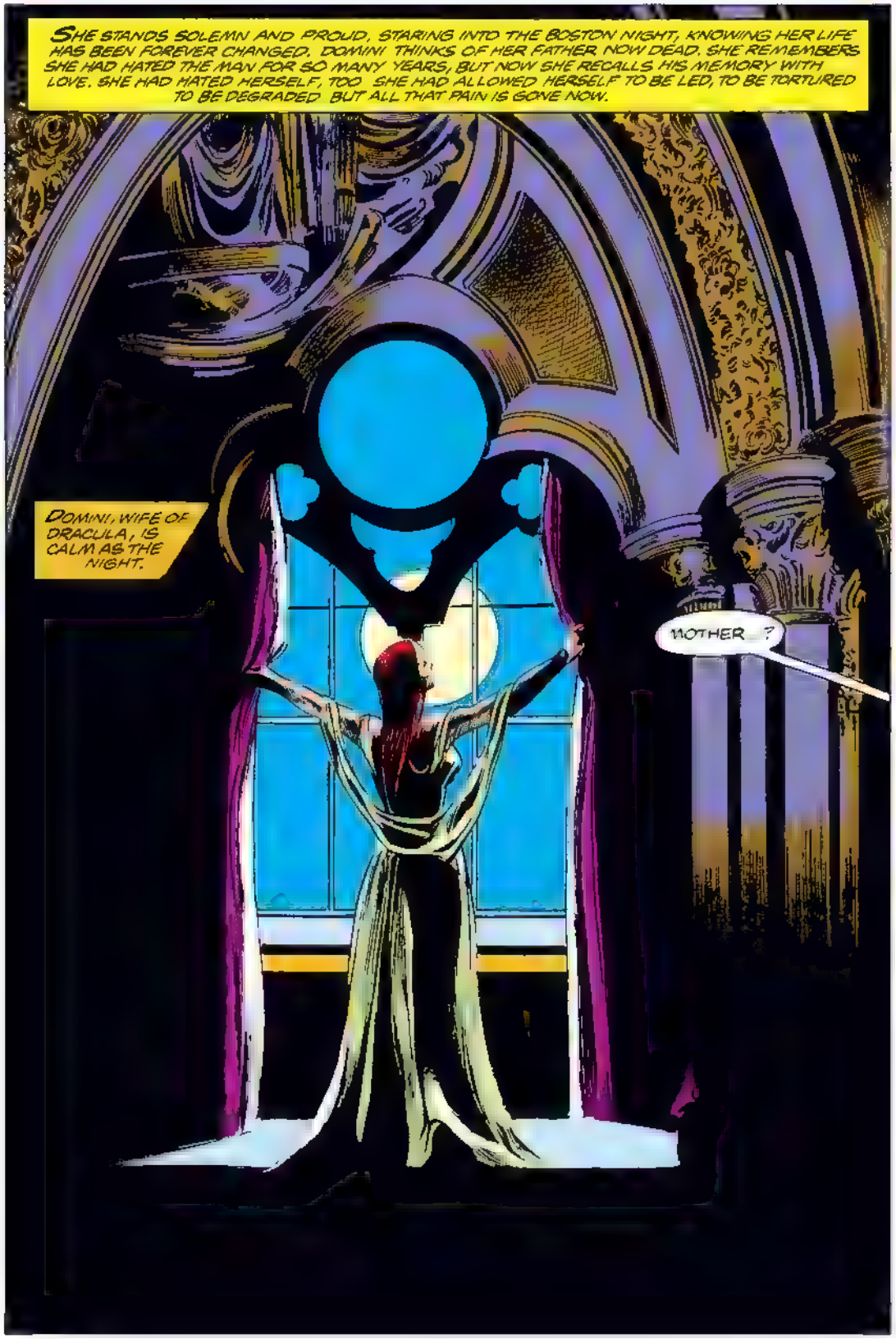

But, Rachel, that is not why I open this letter now. You know the outcome of my attempt, for better or worse. I write because I have great love for you and I fear you are becoming too much like me. Over these many years, I have lost my humor about life... for I became obsessed with death. Rachel, you are too young to be so grim. You have so much ahead of you... please, my dear, don't cut yourself off from the joy life can bring. Mr. Drake is a good man and cares for you.
RACHEL, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

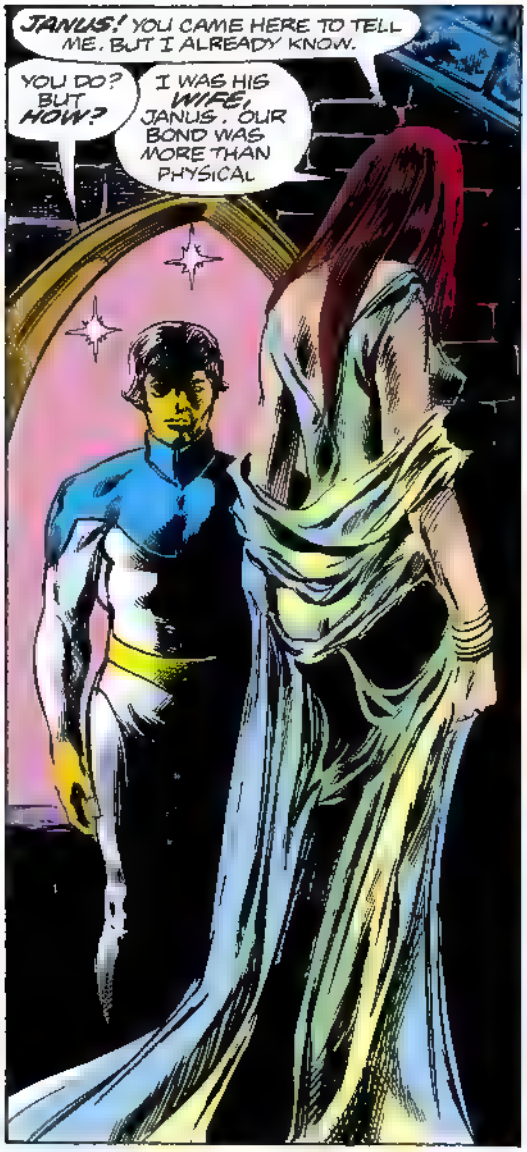
FRANK... I--I CAN'T READ ANY MORE...
HERE. GIVE IT TO ME.

You have fought beside him as fellow warrior but now stand beside him as a friend. Your friendship may grow or wither, you may remain together, you may grow apart...

But Rachel, darling, please do not make your decision out of bitterness. Give yourself a chance to experience all that you have missed. I am an old man, Rachel, but if you are reading this now, I am a happy man...

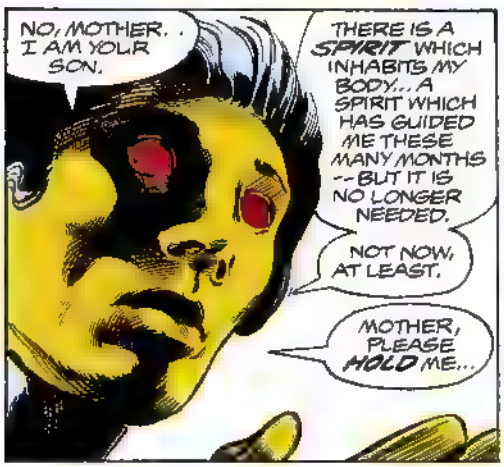

I have reached a heaven never suspected could exist. My love, Rachel. Now and forever.
WHAT'S THERE LEFT TO SAY?
RACHEL?
I'D LIKE TO GIVE IT A CHANCE. HOW ABOUT YOU?

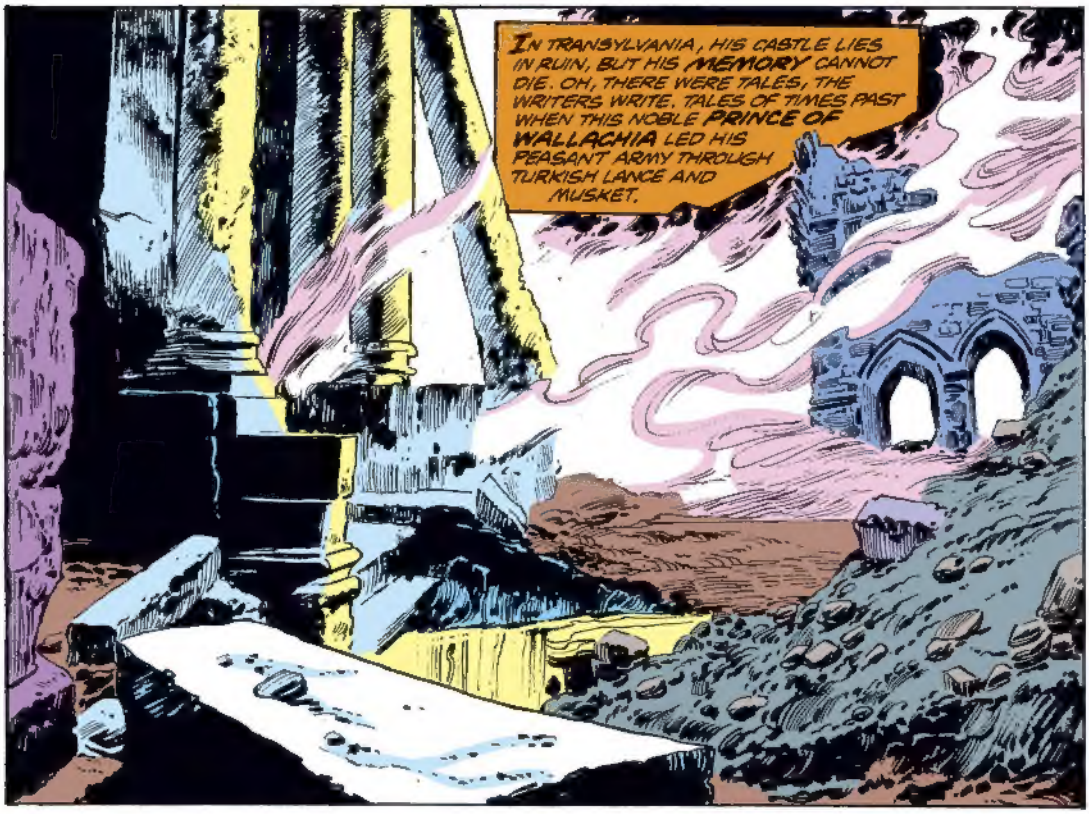

SHE STANDS SOLEMN AND PROUD, STARING INTO THE BOSTON NIGHT, KNOWING HER LIFE HAS BEEN FOREVER CHANGED. DOMINI THINKS OF HER FATHER NOW DEAD. SHE REMEMBERS SHE HAD HATED THE MAN FOR SO MANY YEARS, BUT NOW SHE RECALLS HIS MEMORY WITH LOVE. SHE HAD HATED HERSELF, TOO. SHE HAD ALLOWED HERSELF TO BE LED, TO BE TORTURED TO BE DEGRADED. BUT ALL THAT PAIN IS GONE NOW.
DOMINI, WIFE OF DRACULA, IS CALM AS THE NIGHT.
MOTHER...?

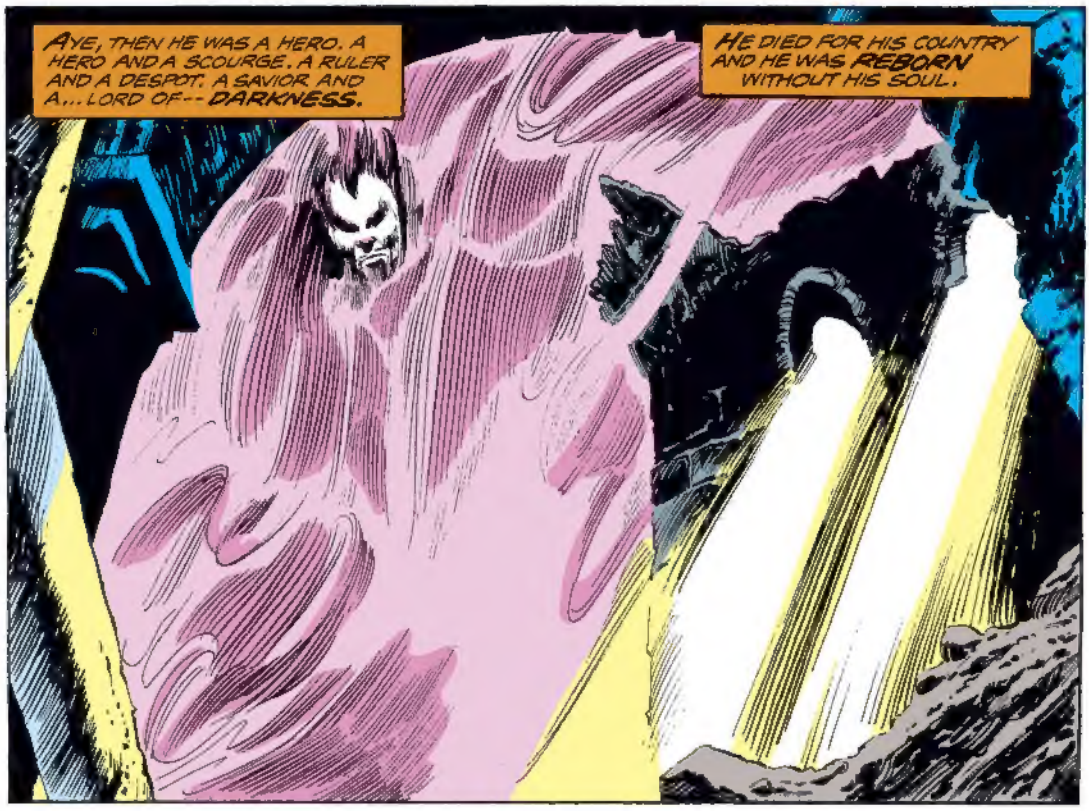

JANUS! YOU CAME HERE TO TELL ME. BUT I ALREADY KNOW.
YOU DO? BUT HOW?
I WAS HIS WIFE, JANUS. OUR BOND WAS MORE THAN PHYSICAL

HE IS GONE, AND I AM ALONE.
NO, MOTHER. I AM HERE
JANUS, YOU WERE BORN OF ME. BUT YOU BELONG TO ANOTHER.

LET ME RETURN YOUR SON TO YOU.


NO, MOTHER. . I AM YOUR SON.
THERE IS A SPIRIT WHICH INHABITS MY BODY... A SPIRIT WHICH HAS GUIDED ME THESE MANY MONTHS --BUT IT IS NO LONGER NEEDED.
NOT NOW, AT LEAST.
MOTHER, PLEASE HOLD ME...


IN TRANSYLVANIA, HIS CASTLE LIES IN RUIN, BUT HIS MEMORY CANNOT DIE. OH, THERE WERE TALES, THE WRITERS WRITE. TALES OF TIMES PAST WHEN THIS NOBLE PRINCE OF WALLACHIA LED HIS PEASANT ARMY THROUGH TURKISH LANCE AND MUSKET.


AYE, THEN HE WAS A HERO. A HERO AND A SCOURGE. A RULER AND A DESPOT. A SAVIOR AND A... LORD OF-- DARKNESS.
HE DIED FOR HIS COUNTRY AND HE WAS REBORN WITHOUT HIS SOUL.

HIS NAME WAS DRACULA, AND HIS HISTORY WAS A TAPESTRY OF TERROR SEWN ACROSS THE AGES.

SOME HAVE CALLED HIM THE DEVIL, HELL INCARNATE, OR THE MAN IN BLACK CALLED DEATH. OTHERS CALL HIM A SOULLESS MURDERER AND A DEMON WHO GRIEVES NOT FOR HIS VICTIM.

WE WHO HAVE CHRONICLED HIS FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AND MORE HAVE STOOD BACK AND SHOWN HIS EXISTENCE WITHOUT CRITIQUE.

BUT NOW THAT IT IS OVER WE HAVE BUT ONE THING TO SAY...

WE DO NOT ARGUE THAT. HE WAS ALL THAT AND WORSE. MUCH WORSE.

BUT WE HAVE PAINTED HIS LIFE TILL NOW AS IT WAS. NEITHER THE BAD NOR THE GOOD HAVE BEEN EXPUNGED.

DRACULA WAS A MAN...
AND NEVER SHOULD THAT BE FORGOTTEN.
COLAN
PALMER